PUNISHER 2099 A.D.
AGENT OF
SHIELD
30
JUL
DEATH
FROM
ABOVE
DIRECT EDITION
$1.95 US $2.75 CAN

DEADLY at the TOP

CHUCK DIXON
WRITER
ROD WHIGHAM
PENCILER
ENRIQUE VILLAGRAN
INKER
JANICE CHIANG
LETTERER
IAN LAUGHLIN
COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI
EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE
CHIEF

PUNISHER 2099™ Vol. 1, No. 30, July, 1996. (ISSN # 1058-3505) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Gerard Calabrese, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1996 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $1.95 per copy in the U.S. and $2.75 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: $18.00 U.S.; $30.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add $10.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. PUNISHER 2099 (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO PUNISHER 2099, c/o MARVEL DIRECT MARKETING CORP. SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 1979 DANBURY, CT. 06813-1979. TELEPHONE # (203) 743-8331. PRINTED IN USA.

I WANT TO KEEP HIM, MATT.

PET? MEANING?

THIS IS A SEWERGATOR. IT'S NOT A PET.

WIPE THAT. I'M NOT SURE WE CAN CONTROL IT.

I WILL. CONTROL. IT.

WE GOT *OTHER* PROBLEMS. JAKE GALLOWS IS WALKING PROOF OF THAT "ABSOLUTE POWER CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY" RULE.

WE HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY HIPPEN LAB AND SPRAY SOME NEW PLAS-STEEL FLESH ON YOU.

HE'S SURE TO BE KEEPING A LOCK ON ME USING--

HOLD WHERE YOU ARE. YOU ARE A WANTED FUGITIVE.

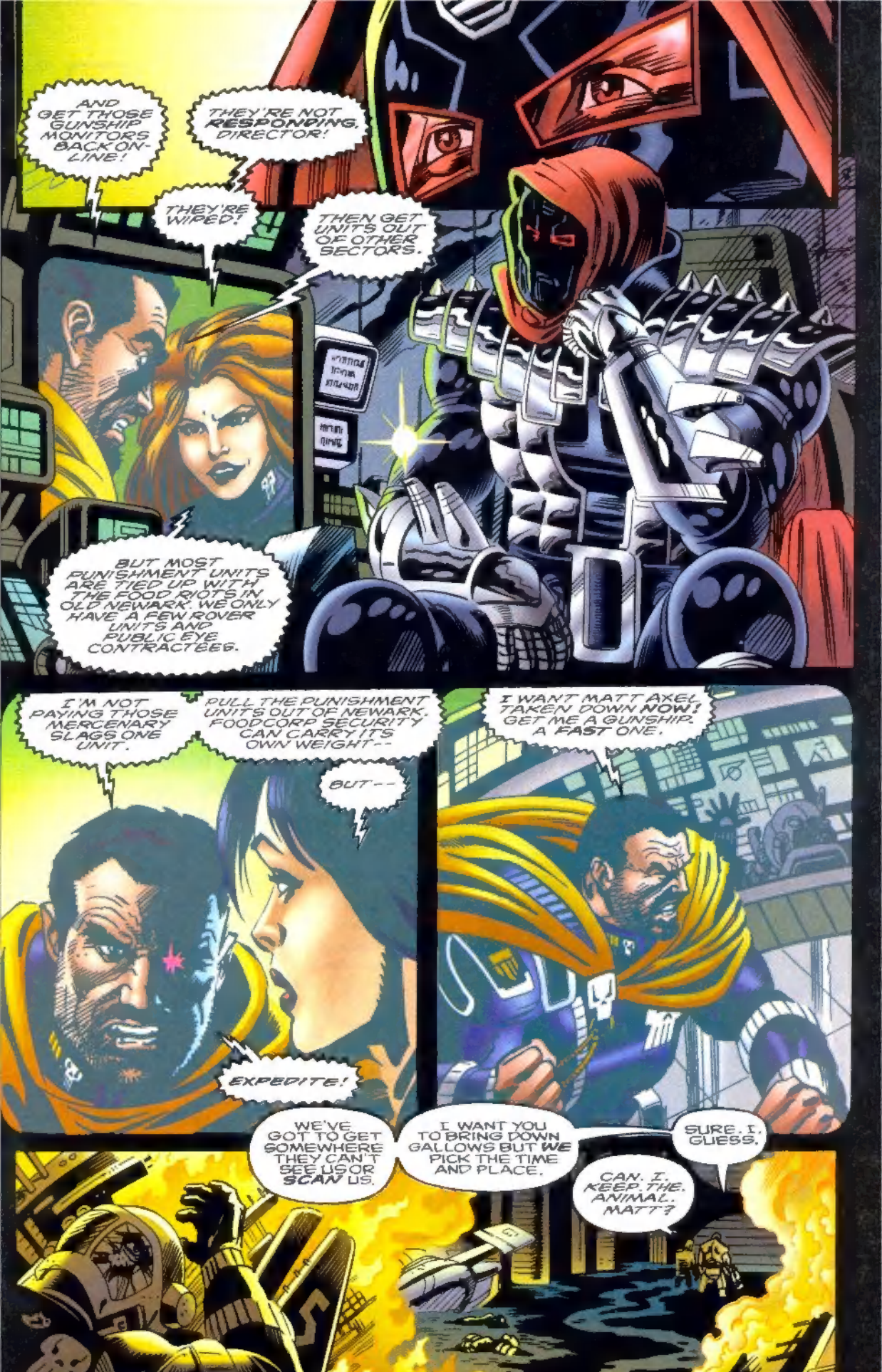
--SHIELD?

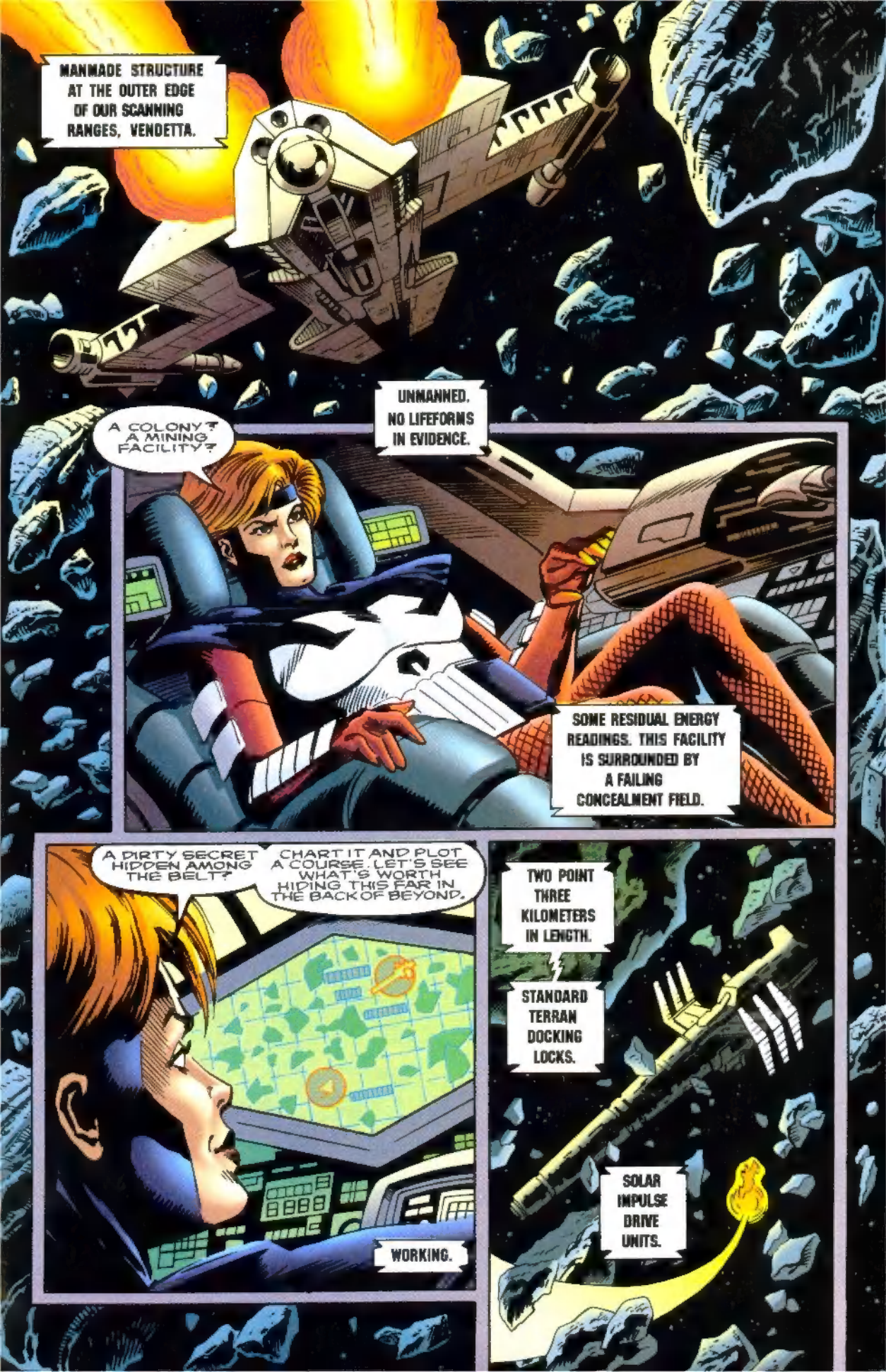
STAND BY FOR SENTENCING.

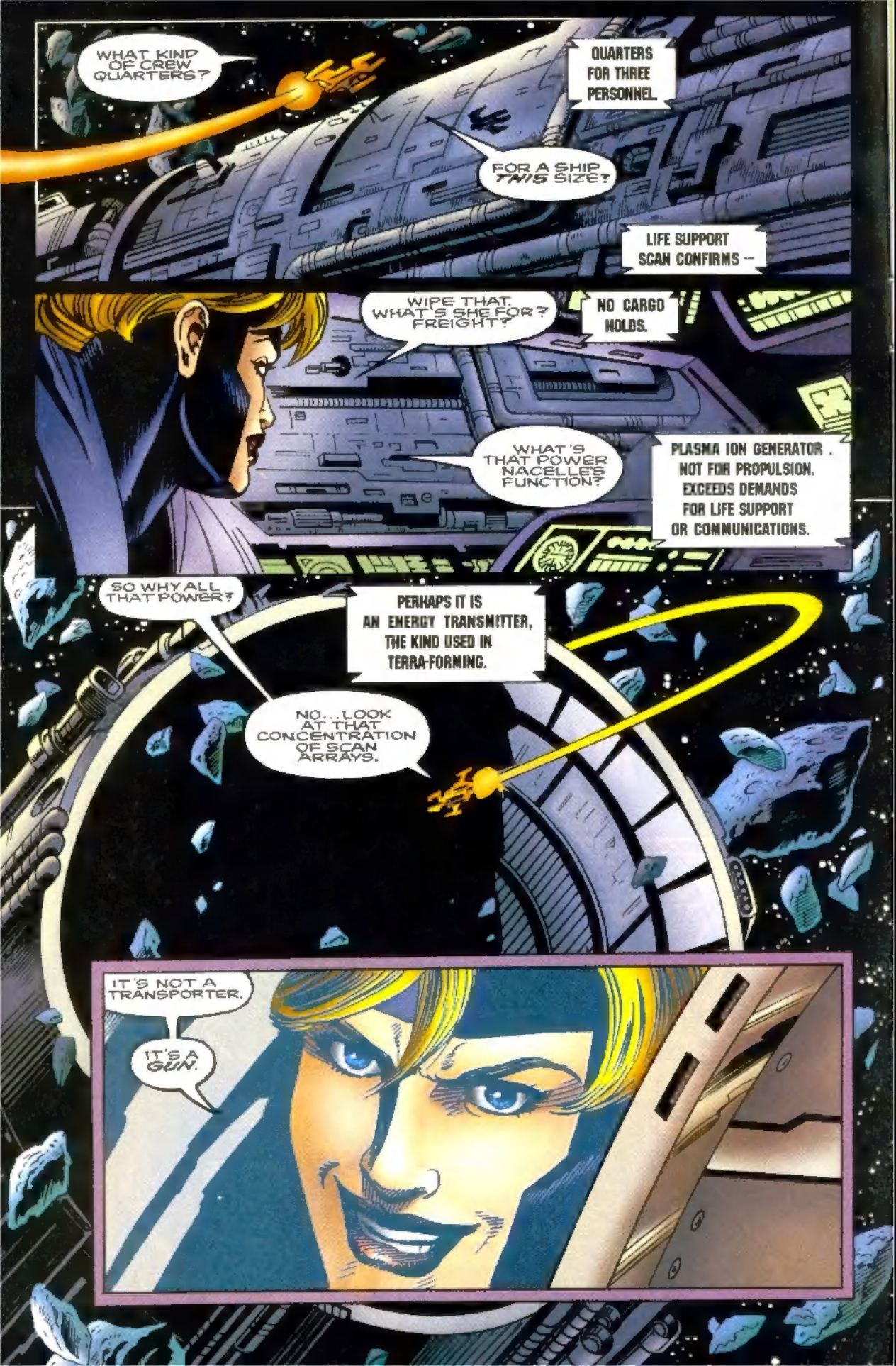
SO IT'S COME TO THIS, GALLOWS?
THE SYSTEM WORKS AS LONG AS YOU RUN IT, RIGHT?
MATT AXEL, MY TRUSTED BUDDY AND CONFIDANT. LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ENGAGED IN ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES AND ASSOCIATIONS.
AND HERE I OFFERED YOU A JOB WITH ME AND SHIELD, A CHANCE TO POLICE THE WORLD.
I THOUGHT WE WANTED JUSTICE, JAKE! ALL YOU WANTED WAS CONTROL.
THAT CONSTRUCT WITH YOU LOOKS LIKE ILLICIT CONTRABAND, MATT. AND YOU'RE REDLINING ON THE FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS METER.
HE'S YOU, JAKE GALLOWS. HE MIGHT BE MADE OF METAL AND REFLEX ARMOR. BUT HE'S GOT MORE HEART THAN YOU, YOU SOULLESS--
SEDITION, UNSANCTIONED CYBERNETICS, VIOLENT THOUGHTS.
THE PUNISHMENT IS DEATH.
SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE, MATT.

HE'S GONE ELLIPTIC!
SEEK. COVER. MATT.
ACQUIRING. TARGET.
TARGETED.
NICE. BUT "OVERKILL" ISN'T IN GALLOWS'S VOCABULARY BANKS.
HE'S THROWING EVERYTHING AVAILABLE AT US.
TRACKING. ACQUIRED.
MULTIPLE. TARGETS. RANGE: CLOSING.

"D" WING TO BASE. WE HAVE SUSPECTS ZEROED.
LETHAL FORCE AUTHORIZED. IN FACT, IT'S MANDATORY!
READ THAT. THE HAMMER'S DOWN.
ATTACK MODE.
DIVERSION NEEDED.
GOODBYE. "PET".
GR:RR:?
THOR'S BLOOD!
YAAAAAAAH!
THAT CONSTRUCT IS A PAIN IN MY--
WHIRRRR
I TOLD YOU TO ONLY TURN THIS THING ON WHEN I AUTHORIZE, SAFFRON.
SURRENDER THAT DISC.


AND GET THOSE GUNSHIP MONITORS BACK ON-LINE!
THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING, DIRECTOR!
THEY'RE WIPED!
THEN GET UNITS OUT OF OTHER SECTORS.
BUT MOST PUNISHMENT UNITS ARE TIED UP WITH THE FOOD RIOTS IN OLD NEWARK. WE ONLY HAVE A FEW ROVER UNITS AND PUBLIC EYE CONTRACTEES.
I'M NOT PAYING THOSE MERCENARY SLAGS ONE UNIT.
PULL THE PUNISHMENT UNITS OUT OF NEWARK. FOODCORP SECURITY CAN CARRY ITS OWN WEIGHT--
BUT--
EXPEDITE!
I WANT MATT AXEL TAKEN DOWN NOW! GET ME A GUNSHIP. A FAST ONE.
WE'VE GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE THEY CAN'T SEE US OR SCAN US.
I WANT YOU TO BRING DOWN GALLOWS BUT WE PICK THE TIME AND PLACE.
SURE. I. GUESS.
CAN. I. KEEP. THE. ANIMAL. MATT?

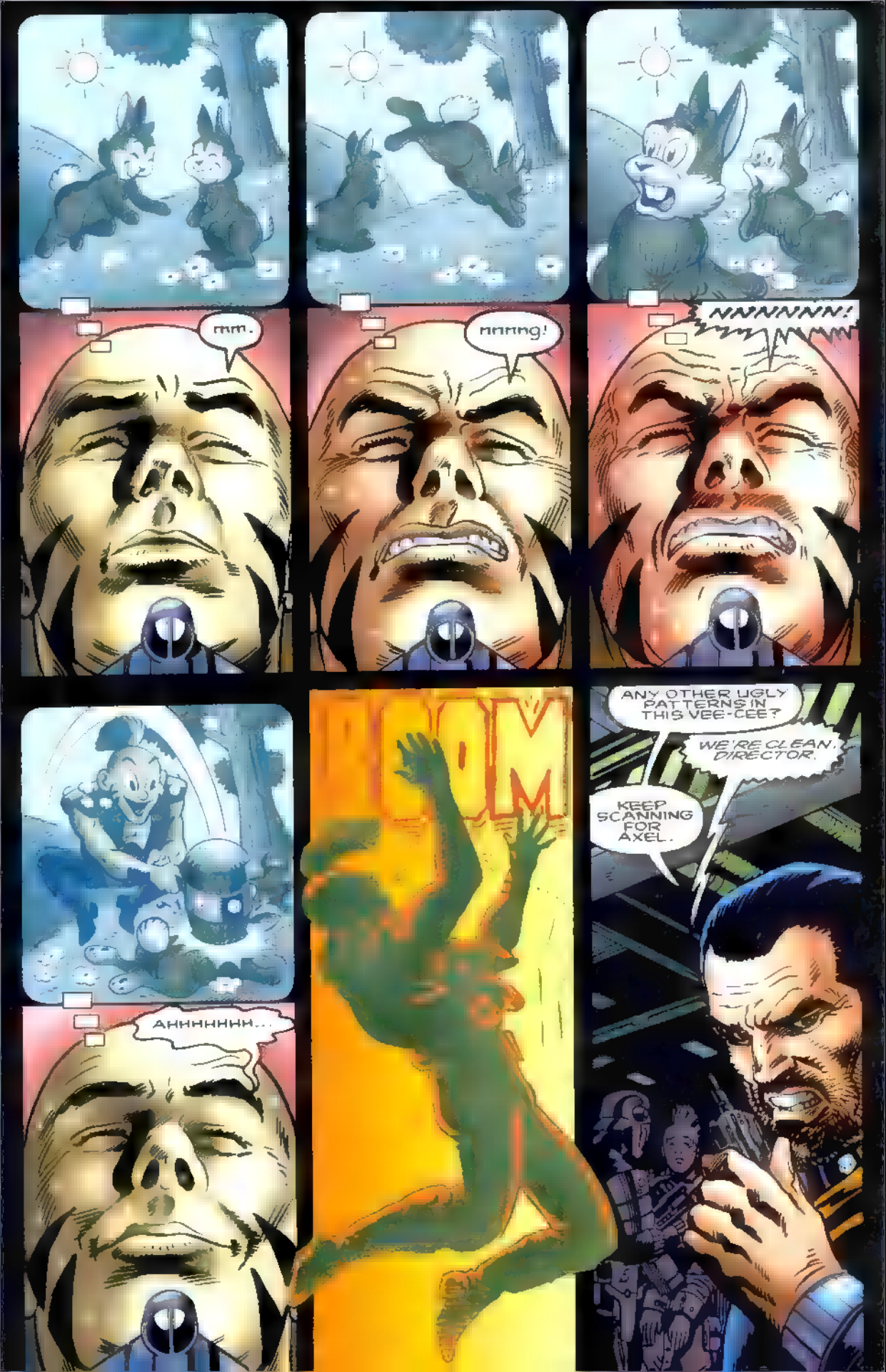

MANMADE STRUCTURE AT THE OUTER EDGE OF OUR SCANNING RANGES, VENDETTA.
A COLONY? A MINING FACILITY?
UNMANNED. NO LIFEFORMS IN EVIDENCE.
SOME RESIDUAL ENERGY READINGS. THIS FACILITY IS SURROUNDED BY A FAILING CONCEALMENT FIELD.
A DIRTY SECRET HIDDEN AMONG THE BELT?
CHART IT AND PLOT A COURSE. LET'S SEE WHAT'S WORTH HIDING THIS FAR IN THE BACK OF BEYOND.
WORKING.
TWO POINT THREE KILOMETERS IN LENGTH.
STANDARD TERRAN DOCKING LOCKS.
SOLAR IMPULSE DRIVE UNITS.


WHAT KIND OF CREW QUARTERS?
QUARTERS FOR THREE PERSONNEL.
FOR A SHIP THIS SIZE?
LIFE SUPPORT SCAN CONFIRMS --
WIPE THAT. WHAT'S SHE FOR? FREIGHT?
NO CARGO HOLDS.
WHAT'S THAT POWER NACELLES FUNCTION?
PLASMA ION GENERATOR. NOT FOR PROPULSION. EXCEEDS DEMANDS FOR LIFE SUPPORT OR COMMUNICATIONS.
SO WHY ALL THAT POWER?
PERHAPS IT IS AN ENERGY TRANSMITTER, THE KIND USED IN TERRA-FORMING.
NO...LOOK AT THAT CONCENTRATION OF SCAN ARRAYS.
IT'S NOT A TRANSPORTER.
IT'S A GUN.

I'VE LOST AXEL'S SIGNATURE. HE'S GONE OUT OF OUR RANGE OR--
OR HE'S FIGURED A WAY TO BOGGLE OUR THOUGHT DETECTION SYSTEM.
THIS DETECTION SYSTEM WASN'T REALLY MEANT TO BE UTILIZED AS A WAY TO HUNT FELONS.
IT WAS CREATED TO CONFIRM THEIR GUILT ONCE SUSPECTED.
I'LL BE THE ONE TO CONFIRM THEIR GUILT ONCE SUSPECTED AND I'LL USE ANY TOOL AT MY DISPOSAL IN THE PURSUIT OF JUSTICE.
PRESIDENT DOOM CHOSE ME TO RUN DAMELD TO GET A JOB DONE.
A SOURCE OF ANTI-SOCIAL THOUGHT NEARBY, SIR.
TWO BLOCKS OVER, THREE LEVELS DOWN. LEVEL TEN AND CLIMBING, SIR. ALPHA WAVES REDLINING.
GET US THERE IMMEDIATELY, WONG. IT MAY BE AXEL. IT MAY NOT.
BUT WE'LL BRING SOMEBODY TO JUSTICE.

THIS IS OUR LEVEL. YOU GOTTA REASON FOR COMIN' DOWN HERE?
TRACK FAST, BLIPPERS.
WE DINNIT KNOW THIS'S TURF. WE JUS' GETTIN' AWAY FROM A JUVIE SWEEP.
YOU GOT SWAG? YOU GOT SUMMIN' TO PAY US FOR THIS TRIP?
JOLLIES OR CREDS OR CALORIES?
GOT ZED. JUS' GOT OUTTA JUVIE LOCK-UP. DON'T WANNA GO BACK.
AIN'T GOIN' TO LOCK-UP. AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE!
HEAT!
STAND FOR SENTENCING!

THIS JUVIE'S DEAD. HIS SKULL'S CRUSHED.
ALL THREE OF THESE YOS ARE IN THE HIGH NUMBERS FOR AGGRESSIVE THOUGHT PATTERNS.
HOMICIDE SIGNATURES, DIRECTOR.
THREE GUILTY VERDICTS.
UNNH!
UFF!
NOT ME! NOT ME! NOT ME!
YOU'RE QUESTIONING MY SENTENCING?
I'M INN'CENT! I DINNIT DO IT!
SO THE THOUGHT SCANNERS LIE.
THEY'RE WONKED! BOGGLED! I'M INN'CENT!
PROVE IT.
THINK HAPPY THOUGHTS.


mm.
mmmg!
NNNNNN!
AHHHHHHH...
BOOM
ANY OTHER UGLY PATTERNS IN THIS VEE-CEE?
WE'RE CLEAN, DIRECTOR.
KEEP SCANNING FOR AXEL.

IS IT REALLY SAFE DOWN HERE?
THIS MIGHT BE THE ONLY PLACE ON THE PLANET THAT IS SAFE FROM THE SATELLITE SCANS OF SHIELD.
WE'RE FIFTEEN LEVELS BELOW THE STREET. THE WALLS ARE FIVE FOOT THICK AND LEAD LINED.
A FREQUENCY IS BEING BROADCAST AROUND THIS LOCATION THAT IS TUNED TO SHIELD'S CEREBRAL SCANNERS AND JAM THEM.
THAT'S JUST BEAUTIFUL, WHACKOID. WE SUPPOSED TO STAY IN THIS LOUSY ROOM IN CASE WE HAVE A DIRTY THOUGHT?
THIS GALLOWS GUY IS LIKE AN ANBURISM.
THE CYBER NOSTRA CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SHUT-INS.
THIS IS A TEMPORARY FIX, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE A MORE SERVICEABLE SOLUTION RIGHT HERE.
I CALL IT THE SYNAPSE SUPPRESSOR.
THIS HELMET BLOCKS UNWANTED SHIELD PROBING. IT FORMS A FIELD THAT PROJECTS ONLY AUTHORIZED BRAIN ACTIVITY.

WE'RE S'POSED TO WEAR THAT STUPID THING?
THAT'S YOUR BRAINSTORM, WHACKOID?
GENTLEMEN... uh...LADY...
THE HEAT WON'T PICK US UP WEARIN' THEM. THEY'LL BE LAUGHIN' TOO HARD!
THE SUPPRESSOR IS ANOTHER TEMPORARY FIX.
I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO MINIATURIZE OR CUSTOM DESIGN THE HELMET.
IT COULD BE MADE TO LOOK LIKE A HAT. OR EVEN INSTALLED SUB-DERMALLY.
I AIN'T WEARIN' NO HAT! I AIN'T GETTIN' MY HEAD CUT OPEN, NEITHER!
I SAY WE CUT THIS P■OBLEM OFF AT THE SOURCE. KILL JAKE GALLOWS AND BLOW DOOM'S BRAINSCAN SATELLITE OUTTA ORBIT.
NOW LET'S GET OUTTA THIS SHOCKIN' BOX.
THESE THINGS ■ETTER WORK, WHACKOID.
OR YOU'LL BE TAKIN' A SPACEWALK WITHOUT A HELMET.
yuh-- yuh-- YES, "SIRS!"

YOU'RE MY LAST BEST HOPE TO GET GALLOWS.
JAKE'S FINALLY GOT ALL THE POWER HE'S EVER HOPED TO HAVE.
FILE OPEN
HE NO LONGER HAS TO JUSTIFY WHAT HE DOES. HE'S GOT DOOM TO DO THAT FOR HIM.
WE HAVE TO GET MORE PLASTI-FLESH ON YOUR FRAME IF YOU HAVE A CHANCE OF GETTING CLOSE TO JAKE THROUGH HIS SECURITY.
MAYBE IT'S A MISTAKE TO USE A BODY-MASK THAT TELEGRAPHS OUR HIT.
CLARIFY, MATT.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AS DANGEROUS AS YOU ARE.
TYPE M-7

I'M NOT SO SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, DIRECTOR.
IT'S ABOUT *TIME* THE PUBLIC LEARNED SOME SELF-CONTROL!
THEY'VE ALLOWED THEIR MINDS TO BECOME CESSPOOLS OF VIOLENT THOUGHT.
WE DON'T HAVE THE BUDGET OR MANPOWER TO BRING TO JUSTICE *EVERY*ONE WHO LETS THEIR MIND WANDER DOWN UNAUTHORIZED PATHS.
SO YOU'RE GOING TO *FRIGHTEN* THEM?
A *WARNING*, WONG.
THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC. THE POPULI PULSE POLLS SHOW YOU AS THE MOST HATED MAN IN AMERICA.
I CONSIDER THAT A TESTIMONY TO OUR SUCCESS.
NO. BUT THERE *MAY* BE AN ALTERNATIVE...
I'M LISTENING.
BUT THERE'S DANGER IN EXPOSING YOURSELF TO YOUR ENEMIES.
AM I SUPPOSED TO HIDE MYSELF AWAY?

RIP HIS HEART OUT!
CUT HIM A NEW NOSTRIL!
THE AMPUTATOR'S GOIN' FOR THE GOLD TRUSS!
HEY! WHAT'S THIS STATIC?
AWWWW...
WE INTERRUPT CELEBRITY SLAUGHTERHOUSE FOR A MANDATORY ANNOUNCEMENT FROM SHIELD DIRECTOR JAKE GALLOWS.
CITIZENS, LEGAL ALIENS, GENETIC CONSTRUCTS AND FRIENDS.
WE HAVE DISCOVERED AN ENEMY AMONG US. AN ENEMY THAT LIVES IN OUR HOMES, WALKS OUR STREETS, GOES TO OUR SCHOOLS AND WORKCENTERS.
IT'S YOU. ALL OF YOU.
YOUR MINDS ARE DOMINATED BY SIN. EACH ONE OF YOU HARBORS DAYDREAMS OF VIOLENCE AND DESTRUCTION.

YOU HATE THE THOUGHT DETECTION PROGRAM.
BUT IT'S WHAT IT UNCOVERS THAT YOU REALLY HATE. SECRETS ABOUT YOURSELF THAT YOU DENY.
A DECAY AT THE CENTER OF THE NATION'S MORALITY. THAT'S WHAT OUR SENSORS AND SCANS PICK UP.
IF YOU CAN'T CLEAN UP YOUR MINDS, AMERICA... THEN SHIELD WILL DO IT FOR YOU.
HOW ARE WE SCANNING?
THE MEDIA HOUNDS ARE HOLDING FIRM. NO VIOLENCE READINGS.
THAT GUY. HE DOESN'T HAVE A COLOR SIGNATURE.
FUNNY. WE'RE NOT PICKING UP ANYTHING FROM HIM.
NO READABLE THOUGHT PATTERNS. EITHER HE'S SHIELDED FROM OUR SCANS...
...OR HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY THOUGHT PATTERNS.
AND TO HELP YOU BRING YOUR THOUGHTS INTO THE AUTHORIZED RANGE OF ACCEPTABLE--
DIRECTOR, WE HAVE A PROBLEM--
NOT NOW, WONG.

NO, DIRECTOR...
RIGHT NOW!
TAKE HIM DOWN. MAXIMUM LETHAL FORCE.
THIS IS THE END OF JAKE GALLOWS.

THIS. IS. THE. END.
THE. END.
THE. END.
THE END.
TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT, MOTORHEAD.
NEXT: JAKE VS... THE PUNISHER!